

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

## Mr. Aguinaldo's Latest Proclamation.

Aguinaldo's latest proclamation shows all the earmarks of the Republican press agent. As a Republican campaign document it is surpassed only by the emanations of Edward Atkinson and George Friebe Hoar, of Massachusetts.

The proclamation says, among other things:

In America there is a great party that insists on the United States Government recognizing Filipino independence.

We therefore pray to God on high that the great Democratic party of the United States will win the next election, and that imperialism will fall in its mad attempts to subjugate us by force of arms.

On this subject we would like to issue a proclamation to Mr. Aguinaldo, with the hope that between his flying leaps over the palm scrub he may be able to read and lay it to his heart.

In this country the "great party that insists on the United States Government recognizing Filipino independence" is composed of Atkinson, Hoar & Co. They are not a majority of this country. Half a dozen men of this stamp compose but an infinitesimal though vociferous minority.

Imperialism has nothing to do with your capture, Mr. Aguinaldo, or the capture of any man or nation that may fire on the flag of the United States.

The war against us by one of the dozens of tribes in the Philippines is not a war against imperialism or conquest, and the intelligent voters of this country, who compose all political parties, do not regard it as such.

The question of imperialism will probably crop out when the method of government for the Philippines comes up for discussion in Congress. Personally you have nothing to do with imperialism, Mr. Aguinaldo.

You and your tribe are fighting the soldiers of the United States and are consequently enemies of this Government. You form but a small portion and a very small variety of the Filipino population.

You would set yourself up as a dictator over the other dozen varieties to whom this Government is according its protection and with whom we are at peace.

We, too, hope that the Democratic party may win the next election, but Mr. Aguinaldo cannot look to that party for protection until he comes in on the reservation and lays down his arms.

## City Should Operate the Underground Road.

There will be no lack of bidders for the contract to build the underground road. Neither will there be a scarcity of capitalists to compete for the immensely valuable privilege of running the road after it is built.

In fact an epidemic of syndicates is threatened among the existing transit systems of this city.

According to Wall Street rumors there are no less than five syndicates in the field, representing many hundreds of millions of dollars, each of which is ready to bid, not only for the construction of the entire road, but for the privilege of operation as well.

Comptroller Coler, who estimates the profits of the road at a maximum of \$10,000,000 a year, says, however, that the operating franchise will not necessarily go to the contractors who build the tunnel.

The underground road will afford a fine opportunity for the city to run its own rapid transit system as a municipal investment. If, as Comptroller Coler says, there will be a profit of \$10,000,000 a year in the road, why should the city not add this amount to the municipal treasury by equipping and operating it? Whatever legislation may be necessary ought to be easily obtained.

## The Price of Patriotism.

The German Emperor has granted the Silesian inheritance of the late Duke Louis of Sagan-Valencay to the French Duc de Talleyrand-Perigord, who swore allegiance to Germany before the decree was issued. The estates are valued at between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000.

The Duc de Talleyrand-Perigord is a leader of fashionable society in Paris. Although rich already, he forswears his country and transfers his allegiance to her hated enemy in consideration of between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000—to be liberal, let us say \$3,000,000. That is the price of patriotism in the exalted circles in which the Duke moves.

It is the actual price of the transaction—we do not know how much less would have been enough to fetch the noble Parisian. The name of Talleyrand is not a synonyme for luxury, but in all the shifts of parties and masters accomplished by its most illustrious bearer he always remained a Frenchman. We do not pretend to say, of course, what he might have done if he had been offered \$3,000,000 to be something else.

Although, from the number of poor fellows who cheerfully give their lives for their countries when called upon, it seems reasonable to believe that every nation has many men who would not be tempted to change their allegiance by any number of millions, it is evident that some fashionable circles do not hold this self-sacrificing patriotism in very high regard. Mr. W. W. Astor expatriated himself to avoid the payment of taxes on about \$2,000,000 of personal property. What would he do, we wonder, if the law made it impossible for an alien to hold \$100,000,000 worth of real estate in New York?

## Honor to Departing Rear Admiral Schley.

Rear Admiral Schley will to-day raise his pennant at the mast-head of the cruiser Chicago, and in a few days will sail for an unknown destination.

The Rear Admiral of the South Atlantic squadron will enter upon his cruise with the knowledge that he holds the sympathy and esteem of all fair-minded men.

The surreptitious letter of the Secretary of the Navy to the President attacking Admiral Schley, the rancorous attitude of Crowninshield toward every naval officer on earth but Sampson, and the revivings of the naval clique against the hero of Santiago, have only had the effect of intensifying the sympathy of the people for this brave officer.

Hitherto Schley's friends have seemed to attack Sampson, although there are many questions which would give the Washington clique much food for thought.

If there is no Sampson clique, as has been asserted, what influence lifted that gentleman up from the list of captains and set him over the heads of seven commodores, to say nothing of his fellow captains?

Who tried to sidetrack Dewey in Chinese waters in order that Sampson's rank promotion might not be interfered with?

Dewey's order was: "You will find the Spanish fleet and destroy it." Dewey did it.

Sampson's order was: "You will close in on the entrance and sink them." Sampson did not do it. He closed in on absolutely nothing.

Instead, he squandered \$350,000 of the Government's good money in a fool attempt to keep the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor. We refer to the sinking of the Merrimac.

If Sampson's wonderful "plan" had succeeded, the Spanish fleet would have remained in the harbor. Thus the capture of Santiago by our soldiers would have resulted in such a slaughter from the guns of Cervera's ships that this country would have promptly placed the blame upon Sampson's "plan" to avoid taking his ships into the harbor and having it out with the Spaniards, as Dewey did, gun to gun and face to face.

## Marvellous Increase of Bank Deposits.

Never since we began to collect customs, build cities and charter national banks has the financial stock of this country been so heavily weighted with the savings of the people.

The estimated grand total of individual deposits for the year 1899 is \$7,513,954,861, an average of over \$100 each for every man, woman and child in this country.

If you have not the \$100 represented in this average, you may be sure that some one of your fellow citizens has double that amount, and that you have lost it to him through circumstances over which you may or may not have had control.

The report of the Comptroller of the Currency shows that we are moving steadily forward along the lines of our tremendous national resources, and making constantly more secure our position as the richest country in the world.

Not even the lessening rates of interest on deposits have lessened the number of depositors. On the contrary, both the number of depositors and the average amount of deposits are slowly increasing.

No political party or administration or national legislation is responsible for this. Out of their resources the people are paying a tremendous war tax and heavier national appropriations than ever before.

So long as the present prosperous condition of affairs continues, however, nobody is likely to complain.

## Smoking Cars on Madison Avenue.

The smoking cars which the Metropolitan Street Railway Company intend to put in operation on the Madison Avenue line will be a welcome boon to the trolley-going public of both sexes.

Four men in every five are smokers. Four women in every five object to travelling in the company of men who are smoking.

To those who object to tobacco smoke the open cars in operation during the summer are sources of vast annoyance. Although in most cars all but the four rear seats are reserved for non-smokers.

This does not prevent the back draught from carrying the smoke forward past the ears of the objecting passengers.

While the use of smoking cars during the winter will not materially benefit the non-smoking passengers, they will be a blessing to cigar-loving citizens, whose opportunities for a quiet smoke en route to their homes after business hours have hitherto been extremely limited.

## TALKS WITH JOURNAL READERS.

### Private Dazell on Hanna.

Editor of the New York Journal:

You are misinformed—Hanna WILL NOT RETIRE. He is not built that way. He never did or faltered. Why should he now, with Ohio's fifty thousand at his back? It would be a confession of McKinley's weakness—give the whole thing up for 1900.

I know your correspondent GUESTS.

He won in November—why not next November? It is not he. It is the President that Hanna's enemies seek to retire, and by forcing Hanna's retirement seek to defeat McKinley.

It can't be done.

It is not a go.

Hanna will stick—it is a groundhog case—he has to—and will win in 1900, and I have big money to bet on both.

PRIVATE DAZELL.

We are glad to learn that Private Dazell is so prosperous that he can afford to bet "big money" on anything. Still it would be better for him to find some safe investment for his wealth rather than to risk it on election bets, even on such a sure thing as Hanna. There is nothing so uncertain as politics, except love.

Is not the Private rather hard on President McKinley in saying that the retirement of Hanna would be a confession of McKinley's weakness? Of course it is generally understood that this is a Hanna Administration, but we should not think that the President would like to have his friends say so right out loud.

LOCATING THE DEWEY ARCH.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Referring to the Dewey Arch, why not place it in Battery Park, where it could be seen by everybody passing along the harbor front? Would not this be the best place for it?

Nov. 16. PERRY F. MORTON.

Although the question of the location of the Dewey Arch is one for the proper committee to decide, we scarcely think that it will select Battery Park.

The Dewey Arch, symbolic of a great victory by a great servant of the nation, should be placed where it may glorify all future parades, civic and military.

In this connection we can think of no more suitable location than the spot where it now stands.

It is an imposing site, and is visible from almost every quarter. It should be literally in the "heart" of the city, which as nearly as can be figured out is in the neighborhood of its present location.

Tapley in Ohio.

Editor of the New York Journal:

You seem to have been wrong in your bold-faced (type) prophecy concerning Ohio and Kentucky. It now appears altogether probable that with a popular candidate, like Colonel Kilbourne, for instance, the Democratic ticket in Ohio would have received the big Jones vote (Jones, perhaps, not being a candidate), and have drawn some votes from Xnah, and would have been elected by a handsome majority.

In Ohio the McLean vote was on an anti-expansion platform—the 100,000 Jones voters are not anti-expansionists—and the 20,000 voters for the Social Democratic and the Union Reform tickets are also opposed to expansion. Add these votes together and you will see that without counting a good percentage of anti-expansionists who voted for Nash for the party's sake, Ohio is overwhelmingly opposed to McKinley expansion. About the same average of sentiment upon this question prevails in Kentucky. I am satisfied that a large majority in both States is opposed to all attempts to shoot civilization into the Philippines and to the whole expansion and imperial policy.

OSCAR B. TOPHUNTER, (A Former Republican).

Cincinnati, Nov. 8.

The Journal's prophecy related to Ohio, not to Kentucky, and it has been literally verified. Our correspondent thinks that if certain things had been different certain other things would have been different, too. We have not been dealing with conjectures, but with facts. The fact is that the Democrats in Ohio have been most unmercifully thrashed, as the Journal said they would be.

When it comes to speculating on possibilities we can guess as well as anybody. Our guess is that the Jones vote would have gone to Jones whoever the Democratic candidate might have been; that many of the Jones voters are expansionists, and that there were at least as many expansionist Democrats who voted for McLean from party loyalty as there were anti-expansionist Republicans who voted for Nash for the same reason. We also guess that if the straight issue of expansion or anti-expansion were submitted to the people of Ohio without the intrusion of the repellant personality of Hanna, expansion would win by at least 100,000 majority.

As to "shooting civilization into the Philippines," that is about over now. With Aguinaldo's last capital captured and his army surrounded there will soon be not enough war left in the Philippines to make an issue on at a meeting of a Boston Browning Society.

Short-Sighted Democratic Leaders.

[Detroit Journal.]

In a full page, black-lettered editorial, headed "Face the Facts and Tell the Truth," the New York Journal reads a stinging rebuke to the leaders of the Democratic party. The text is the last, election. The Journal points out with emphasis and backs it with indubitable proof that the people of this country will never elect to public office any man who fires in the rear on the American army. With equal emphasis it upbraids the hypocritical attitude assumed by the leaders toward the policy of expansion, which it holds to be a "sound Democratic policy." The perversity and puerility of the leadership of the party are criticized with spirit and force.

This leading Democratic paper can see in the future no prospect of Democratic success if the party leaders continue to oppose the policy of the Administration. That policy is traditional. It is not based on patriotism, but is big of patriotism, and yet narrow, selfish leaders of the Democratic party presume to think that they can beat it down and triumph over those who support and defend it.

The faculty of their presumption is pitiful. The late elections declared the sentiment of the people on the question of expansion, and the Journal is too honest to attempt to deceive its readers as to the significance of the declaration. Plainly speaking, it affirms that Mr. Bryan and his advisers must either renounce their inopportune attitude toward the question of expansion, or else anticipate certain and overwhelming defeat.

# STRENGTH OF THE BOER ARMY.

KNIT TOGETHER BY TIES OF KINSHIP.

## BY CASPER VANDEWATERING.

(Formerly Private Secretary to Kruger's Cabinet.)

THE probabilities are that the entire civilized world, save only the poor, uncivilized Boer, is at heart surprised by the lack of successes, to say nothing of the positive disasters, thus far attending the British arms in the Transvaal. I am not unmindful that the English press and the English leaders announced at the outset of the struggle that early reverses might be expected.

But I doubt if either the English press or the English leaders seriously believed any such thing. A magnifying of the obstacles to overcome and of the expected success all the more glorious and liable to shed lustre upon Tommy Atkins and the British officer. The apparently candid acknowledgment of the gravity of the task to be encountered was, if I am not mistaken, made with this purpose in view rather than from any real belief in its truth.

As a matter of fact, the campaign, in British minds, was to be a march. Only recently, after the first rosy reports of apparent successes, the war dispatches outlined the plan of action of General Sir Henry White with the statement that he would first march to this point, then defeat the Boer forces at that point, next proceed to another point, Johannesburg and Pretoria being the objectives of this precisely arranged programme.

Thus far Sir Henry and his hosts have done some "marching" and some "proceeding," but not of the sort that the programme called for.

To the Boer, however, it is not the unexpected that has happened. Whether all has happened in the exact manner expected by him can be known only to the able strategist in charge of his own unheralded programme. But there can be no doubt that he has expected and expects success and nothing else.

Nor can one who knows something of Boer life and of the Boer people wonder at this confidence or fall to see much basis for it. It may seem a strange anomaly, and yet it is probably true, that, while the race is as far removed as possible from being a military people, it is made up of, perhaps, the best fighters in the world. And they become so as the natural result of their domestic life and of the habits and peculiarities which make them different from all other peoples.

The one institution upon which the Republic may be said to rely for its strength is the family. That President Kruger should be the father of eighteen children born to his devoted wife has been commented on with surprise. But families of such size are not exceptional in the Transvaal. I think it may be safely said that families of less than a dozen children are the exception rather than the rule. In fact, the Boer Government offers, or did offer up to a year or two ago, a bounty of a certain sum of money to all parents of over twelve children.

This feature alone of the domestic life of a people must necessarily be an element of strength and coherency in its national life, and no one has been more convinced of this than Oom Paul. When the army is called into the field it is bound together no less strongly by family ties than by ties of patriotism.

Every regiment under fire may contain many a father with a family of devoted sons about him, and the love of glory is lost sight of in filial and

brotherly love displaying itself in a supreme effort to ward off danger to a father, a son or a brother, or to avenge the death of a loved one. Is it any wonder that we read of the dogged determination of these great fighting men? Every member of these big families, too, becomes a formidable foe in himself by the time he reaches maturity. We speak of him as a farmer merely, and it is probably supposed that his pursuits are only those of the farmer in the sense in which the word is used in this country.

True, the Boer is a farmer, and the Boers are all farmers, with few exceptions. Both in the larger cities, like Pretoria and Johannesburg, and in the smaller ones, nearly all shopkeepers are foreigners—English, German and French. Even the Boer who lives in the town is a farmer, and probably lives in town only because he has acquired the means to do so. And yet these are much fewer than would be supposed. But, though it is true that the race is a race of farmers, it is not true that the Boer's life is spent tilling the soil or earning his bread by the proverbial sweat of his brow. On the contrary, he may safely be called a gentleman farmer, devoting his energies to a somewhat indolent supervision of his estate and to the marketing of such portion of his harvest as he does not consume.

When not engaged in these duties he spends his time in the chase of the wild animals with which the country abounds.

Every Boer youngster is early taught the use of firearms, and sent after game. When ammunition is scarce—and it usually is—he is sent to the woods with one cartridge and directed to bring back something to show for it. And woe betide the boy who comes back empty handed.

In this way the people, as a race, are never more at home than when in the field, in the forest, scaling the mountain or threading the deep ravines. The Boer is constantly seasoned to outdoor life and all its hardships. Moreover, he becomes a past master in all the craft and tricks of the hunter, and adept at concealment and strategy, with the shyness of the fox and the fleetness of the deer.

It is these qualities with which the British have to cope. They might not be dangerous in open battle on the plain, but the plain is not easy to find in the Transvaal.

The mountain fastness, the forest and the ravine are everywhere. There will be no Waterloo in the present struggle. There will be many a Thermopylae. The Boer women are also an element of strength not to be overlooked in estimating the fighting abilities of the people. These daring hunters and their most valuable assistants in their wives and sisters, their daughters and their sweethearts.

As might be expected among a race of men whose pride and glory is their skill in the use of firearms and their feats of prowess, excellence in these feats constitutes their surest claim upon the good will of the gentler sex. Every one of these sturdy fellows who shoulders his rifle and hastens to join his comrades does so with the heartiest and bravest of God-speeds from the female members of his family ringing in his ears.

No tie is so strong and no affection is so tender that he does not know full well that it will be strengthened and made more tender by good reports of his bravery. He knows that there will be no lamentations in the rear save only in case

of his own shortcomings at the front. He knows that the sound sense and strong arms of wife and daughter will manage his affairs in his absence as well as if he were present. He knows that if he fails in the performance of his duty his death will leave neither broken hearts nor starving families at home. And he knows, more than all else, that upon his return he will have an absolute claim upon the heart and hand of the fair one whom he would wed.

These women, too, are themselves handy in the use of firearms, are good shots, and have all the physical vigor necessary for enduring the hardships of war if the British ever succeed in forcing fighting upon Boer territory they will be found with guns in their hands, and they will prove themselves formidable adversaries in the style of war which must be carried on there.

The Boers are not a cold, calculating people. I do not speak of milk and water religion, either. With these people it is something which colors their whole life and character, making of them an earnest and sincere people and instilling in them that fearlessness of death which makes the Mohammedans the reckless soldiers that they are. In every Boer family Bible reading upon rising is practised as regularly as any other daily habit, and it can probably be safely said that nearly every Boer soldier has in his kit a Bible, which is read in the field as regularly as at home.

All these phases of Boer life are most valuable moral agents not to be overlooked, whether in estimating their culture as foes or in explaining their confidence in their ability to win the final victory in this struggle.

It is true that as compared with the perfectly constructed and methodically operated machine which composes the British army, the Boer army is almost a mob. But the difference will be found to be largely compensated for by the considerations I have already suggested. Besides this, the mobility of this "mob" is a powerful factor in its favor. It will not be closely confined to lines of march nor lines of retreat when necessary to assemble at a given point or to abandon one point for another, no matter how far distant.

Supply trains, bases of supplies and elaborate commissary departments will be easily dispensed with, for nearly every Boer carries with him the dried beef and fish which forms a large part of his winter supplies in time of peace sustenance sufficient to last him from two to three months.

Then there is much to be said in favor of his familiarity with the peculiar atmosphere which prevails in South Africa. The air is so clear that until one has years of experience become accustomed to it it is almost impossible to correctly gauge distances. What seems to an inexperienced eye to be a mile turns out to be three miles and this cannot fail to seriously affect the efficiency of troops brought from England or India, no matter how proficient they may have become as long-distance marksmen.

On the whole though he may be considered an enthusiast who predicts an ultimate Boer success, it is very largely within the range of possibilities. President Kruger, aided by the Free State, can put into the field 50,000 of these raven-haired, vigorous, confident, ununiformed hunters, England, to be sure, can send many more. But she does not yet know that the struggle has not yet passed beyond the skirmishing stage, and that when the actual contest comes on the native soil of the defenders she will find foes of whose metal she is ignorant.

# THE HORSE SHOW'S SOCIETY GAUGE.

ACCORDING TO

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE rehabilitation of Mrs. Deacon is one of the events of the Horse Show. Not that there is anything surprising about it, but every one was glad to see it, as there are always two sides to a story. Mrs. Deacon is a beautiful thing ever and has all her old charm of manner. Her society has always sympathized with her, and the tragedy in her life has been fearful.

Mrs. Plus Moore, who is with her in New York, is quite a character. A very charming woman also, handsome and wealthy, she has rather offended the American element in Paris by not caring to go into the colony. The Faubourg looks at the colony as something not exactly smart, and every year society becomes more general. But there is a little set which holds itself quite aloof. Mrs. Griswold Gray is one of this and Mrs. Plus Moore the other. The Ridgeways are in the thick of it, and the Minnises, of course, follow them. Mrs. Moore was reported last winter to be engaged to Prince Henri d'Orleans, who has a decided penchant for fair Americans.

Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Deacon are at the Waldorf, and Tom Beattie, who used to steer the Brices around in old days, is their devoted attendant. The changes in New York society are more amusing than those pictured on a biograph or any one of the new photographic inventions. Mrs. Deacon received much attention when she was at the show and has regained her old place in society. Edward Parker Deacon is still insane and is said to be quite violent and his case hopeless.

There has been some complaint about the laxity of the Garden authorities in admitting certain characters who seem to think that the Old Clothes Walk is the Folies Bergeres or the music hall promenades. These personages were most offensive at the afternoon in the early part of the week, and their presence kept away from the Walk many of the fashionable women. The week began with a species of warm social feeling in the various sets and there was a great deal of visiting from box to box. But this was abandoned practically yesterday and for the reason given above.

Mrs. Oliver Belmont has gone in quite heavily for literature and art and the stars. The Deauville Gibsons were her guests on one occasion and the John Drews on the other. Mrs. Belmont has never looked better, and her marvellous complexion has shown to great advantage in the pretty white frocks she has worn on several evenings of the show. The Misses Grey have had hats which have been wonderful creations of tulle of different colors, the contrasts being very odd, but most effective. They have had a great deal of attention and their box has been crowded each evening. This box and that of Mrs. John Drexel and the Taliers

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